

11 (1)
A BRIEF
VINDICATION
Of the Late

Farewell-Sermon,
Preached to the
UNITED PARISHES
Of St. Mary Woolnoth, and St. Mary Woolchurch-Haw
IN
LOMBARD-STREET

By **DAVID JONES**, Student of
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*You seek to kill me, a Man that hath told you the Truth, which I have heard
of God, John 8. 40.
I am in Derision daily, every one Mocketh me, Jer. 20. 7.
He that hateth Reproof, shall Dye, Prov. 15. 10.
Blessed are ye, when Men shall Revile you, Mat. 5. 11.*

Persecution, Tribulation, and Scandal, are so proper Marks on a true Christian, that a real good Man thinks himself Happy in that his Reputation suffers amongst his Persecutors: And yet, that is the most sensible Part that an honest Man can receive a Wound in. However, it doth not in the least grieve the Author, that he has lately done unjust Penance in *other Mens Shoes*, for a Crime never committed in his own. 'Tis well for them, they did not, nor cou'd deprive him of a Being, (tho' I cannot doubt their Rigour of their Intentions and Inclinations) since he still lives an Apostle, and cou'd willing dye a Martyr of that Truth, which has so much offended Heaven's Adversaries and his. He is blessed to think that he can innocently hear what they injuriously charge upon him, and that there is yet one true Christian alive, whom

A. Fire.

Fire and Faggot, Dragons, nor any *Evil*, can deter from living accordingly. No, nor whom *Avarice, Vain-Glory*, nor hope of *Advancement*, can corrupt to their own likeness. And I doubt not, but there are many Thousands, but the Honour is now so particular to the Author, that were he not arm'd by the Grace of God, he would certainly be in great Danger of Falling under the Temptation of a Spiritual Pride. How little did the *Animadvertisers* on his *Farewel Sermon*, design him so great a Satisfaction and Advantage! yet how industriously does he labour for their's! And is resolv'd still to speak and write what may be of Service to them in a double Capacity; For they may make the best Use of it for their Souls, or a worse against their Temporal Necessities, by emptying their Brains in their nauseous Pamphlets, scoffing at my Doctrine.

But well, go on my Friends; you may thus chance to fix a *Glory* on his Head, where you intended a *Bramble*, or a *Por-sheard*. The wicked Attempts of the Unrighteous, do generally deviate from their first Intentions; and the Curse they utter and wou'd fasten upon another, very often seizes and destroys them: And yet, why shou'd it afflict you if he endeavour'd the Life of a Saint? Nay, or if he shou'd after Death, become such a Blessed Creature! Have you lost e're a Friend by that, do you imagine! or rather, shall you not get a better, whilst he is yet endeavouring.

'Tis odd (methinks) to observe, how generally ill Nature prevails, and how rarely the World applauds a Vice in another, which they adore in themselves, unless it be what they call a Sociable Vice; a *Whoring, Drinking, Gaming, or gainful Vice*: with which none of our Moralists have yet had the hardiness to charge the Author; tho' they were pleas'd to urge, that he *would not own his own Father at Oxford*, because he was a *Hind or Pasant*; such as he was, he never wanted their Assistance to shew an honest Man; and the Author, as he often has done, does still make it a Challenge to all Mankind, that ever he deny'd that he was the Parent of him, who now forgives the Calumny.

I am not altogether unacquainted with the Characters, Practises, and Necessities, (possibly) of those who have pretended to ridicule what I last deliver'd in *Lombard Street*. It is an easie Matter to *some People* to despise what they can never attain to, without the Blessing of God. To talk to such of *Peace, Obedience, Continence, and Self-denial*, were to preach *Resurrection* to the *Sadduces*, or *Divine Justice* to our *Deists*, who only believe, That

Ludit in Humanis Divina Potentia rebus.

Of these (to his Sorrow) he has found but too too many; when either he has publicly or privately instructed otherwise. And yet his Instructions did never tend to Infallibility, what ever may have been objected to him in that Case, unless directed by happy Writ, and the undeniable Authority of the best Church of *England-Men*, and they very nicely too: Tho' (perhaps) an unkind and perverse Curiosity brought many to hear and observe his Doctrine, more than the Gospel, that the Author thanks God, he truly preach'd and Admister'd, which he is said to know little or nothing of;

off; because (happily) to some he has made it so obvious and open, that they cannot mistake their Way to Eternal Happiness, when it shall please God to let them see, that he dealt it fairly to them, notwithstanding they have *nil* in Contempt for his *Ministry*; which is his Province, which is his Talent, which is his Fund and Hope of Salvation; and of which no Man can spoil him, so long as he speaks according to the Word of God, and his own Conscience; Alas! what imports a Mans Transitory Kindness! shall God's Minister for this, hazard his Eternal Happiness? How weak you would think that Man, who should sell his Paternal, Unengag'd Inheritance, for one Year's purchase?

Did I tell my Lord, that he Lost more at a Horse-Race in one Day, than would Relieve and Preserve all the Poor in his Parish for a Month? That he threw away at Play (in one Night) more than would Feed 'em Seven: That he followed the Chase of a *Deer*, or a *Fox*, closter than he purchas'd the Means of his Salvation: And must I become his Enemy for telling him those Truths? Must I be distrust his Favour, and his House, for this? In the Name of God, *Amen*. *I had rather be a Door-keeper in the House of God, than dwell in the Tents of Kedar*. But this comes of his Prating, perhaps you'll say; Yet, why should he hold his Tongue or Pen? when the Poet tells you, who, (give me leave to say) had not altogether so particular a Command, if any, to remind you of your Vices,

— *Difficile est Sisyram non Scribere.*

If therefore he, only to gratify his own Humour, unknown to your Vices, might have the Liberty to Rail at you; may not the Author beg the freedom to Advise you? In good Truth, I think 'tis hard. But you have all the World before you, and might have Heaven too, if you would hear with his Ears, and see with his Eyes.

Now, for the Authors circumstances, and the Cause of his *Farewel Sermon*, Truly, for the first, I must needs say, that they are not altogether yet so miserable as to descend to the Entertainment of an unthinking Rabble, who only hear with their Eyes. For to such, I hear, it's the Province of one of the Calumniators to Appeal to.

Could the Author prevaricate, like him, he might hope a Preferment amongst those Sectaries, of whom the Calumniator already esteems him a Minister, tho' himself in few years of one Monarchs Reign, oblig'd and disoblig'd, canted and recanted: But every Man to his Trade, 'tis as necessary to a Poet, as to a Stareman or Mariner, to Tack as the Wind and Current shall serve him. But we are fix'd to our Centre, and have no Circumference but that of Heaven, of which only we discourse, or at least ought; to which we invite our sometimes, nay, too often unwilling Guests. If the Author, out of his Zeal, has endeavour'd to frighten any of his Friends, to that Blessed Place, to his own supposed present Loss, by gaining their displeasure, I hope, they will Pardon the Sufferer, as they think him: At what Rate would he not purchase Eternal Salvation to them! yet, to what Injuries or Necessities would they not expose him. Is this the Return of

(4)
a Christian, of a Moral Man, of a Jew? No! certainly their *Lex Talionis* wou'd have allow'd him better Measure, and fairer Play. But no matter; since the great Author of all Bliss, has not taken from him the Power or Will to assist these, or the very worst of his Enemies. I say, *these*, because the Dialoguist has as much pretence to the Authors Charity on any occasion, which Heaven defend them both from: Thus far for the Authors Circumstances.

And, now the Cause is evident, the Author is become an Enemy to many who were counted his greatest Friends, because he *Told them the Truth*, And in this Cause he is resolved to venture farther than he has hitherto done, when ever occasion shall present: For, he will not omit his plain and friendly Exhortations, for the advantage of a Prelacy. No, not for an Arch-Bishoprick: Therefore, if Friendship here on Earth be only to be made by obsequious Adulation, he will endeavour to contract a better, and a more lasting elsewhere: And, Heaven be Prais'd, he is not quite Deserted; for he Preaches now to those who will hear him with Devotion, and who will thankfully receive his friendly Admonition, and kind Reproof of their Faults:

Here his Talent will not be lost, but will return to himself and Auditors hereafter, an Hundred-Fold encrease; tho' he is forsaken by his Friends in *Lombard-Street*, his God has not forsaken him. His Heavenly Father has rais'd up Bretheren to him, true Sons of the Church of Christ, Modest, Humble, and Lowly of Spirit, who comes unfeignedly to hear of their Sins. A most certain Mark of a living Saint, which distinguishes him from the Froward and Ungodly, whose festring and putrifying Wounds of the Soul, cannot endure the Pool of good, sound, searching Sermon. What? tho' it makes 'em smart a little, 'tis for their good; the more likelihood there is of their being cur'd: He wou'd have 'em smart: He wou'd touch 'em to the Quick: It may prevent an Eternal Mortification of their Souls: But he cou'd with a Mortification of their Sins were already began: He wou'd not plaster up their Sores, before he had thoroughly cleans'd 'em: Nor besmear or daub 'em over with the Oyl of smooth Words: No; He must apply Corrosives to eat up the Proud Fleesh, and Rancarous Venome that lurks at the very Bottom.

I think, it is enough to convince any reasonable Man of the Necessity that obliges every faithful Minister and Dissenter of God's Word; to tell his Congregation of their secret and most beloved Sins; and to denounce Heaven's Vengeance on the impenitent, hardned, and persevering Sinner: That, on the contrary, 'tis not their Business to sooth and flatter Men into Eternal Damnation. But to speak the Truth fearless, and to to strip every Man's darling Sin stark naked, and lash it before his Face: And this the Author, I thank God, has not omitted upon any Consideration whatsoever: And this, this alone has gain'd him so many Enemies; whom that the Lord will pardon, and turn their Hearts, is the dayly Prayer of

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